

# SPICY STORIES

VOL. 33

*"Experiments  
at home"*

Chapter  
03



NGT Visual Studio presents:

# SPICY STORIES VOL. 33: "Experiments at home"

Based on an Original story by HeyAll  
Art by NGT VisualStudio

This is a work of fiction.  
All characters aren't real.  
All characters are 18 years or older.  
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# CHAPTER 03

The next morning,  
Claire was in the kitchen having breakfast,  
while Judith was still in the shower.

She was wearing her formal work attire  
of a buttoned up blouse with dress pants.

Mark was also there,  
preparing his bowl of cereal.



"Good news," he said with a genuine smile, which seemed like the first real smile in a long time.



"My friend texted me that some games are free online. So we'll be busy exploring old memories with that."



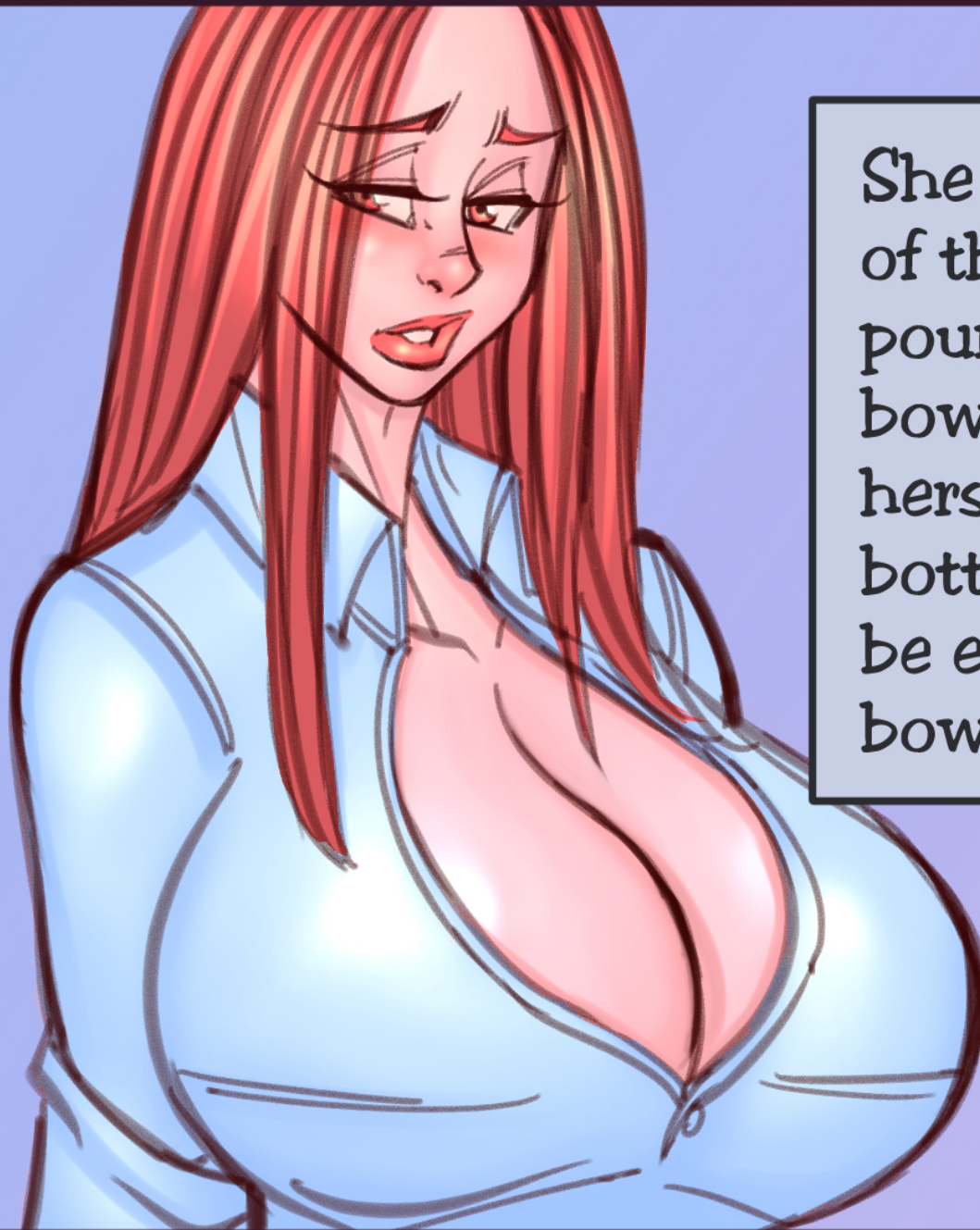
She smiled back,  
"Glad to see you upbeat  
today."  
"Yeah, well, you know."



Claire finished up her oatmeal and fruit, while Mark sat down with his bowl of cereal and carton of milk, which looked nearly empty.



It was upsetting because she had just swung by the store yesterday and the milk was all gone.



She finished the rest of the food while Mark poured cereal into his bowl. Next, she watched herself with the milk bottle, praying it would be enough to fill that bowl.



When Mark poured the milk, as expected, only half of the bowl was covered, leaving the top half of his cereal dry. "Damn it," he said, shaking the milk bottle for every last drop.




It was the kind of thing that would never happen, since Mark was basically in charge of buying the groceries and milk was always plentiful at any market. But temporarily the milk bottles were scarce.

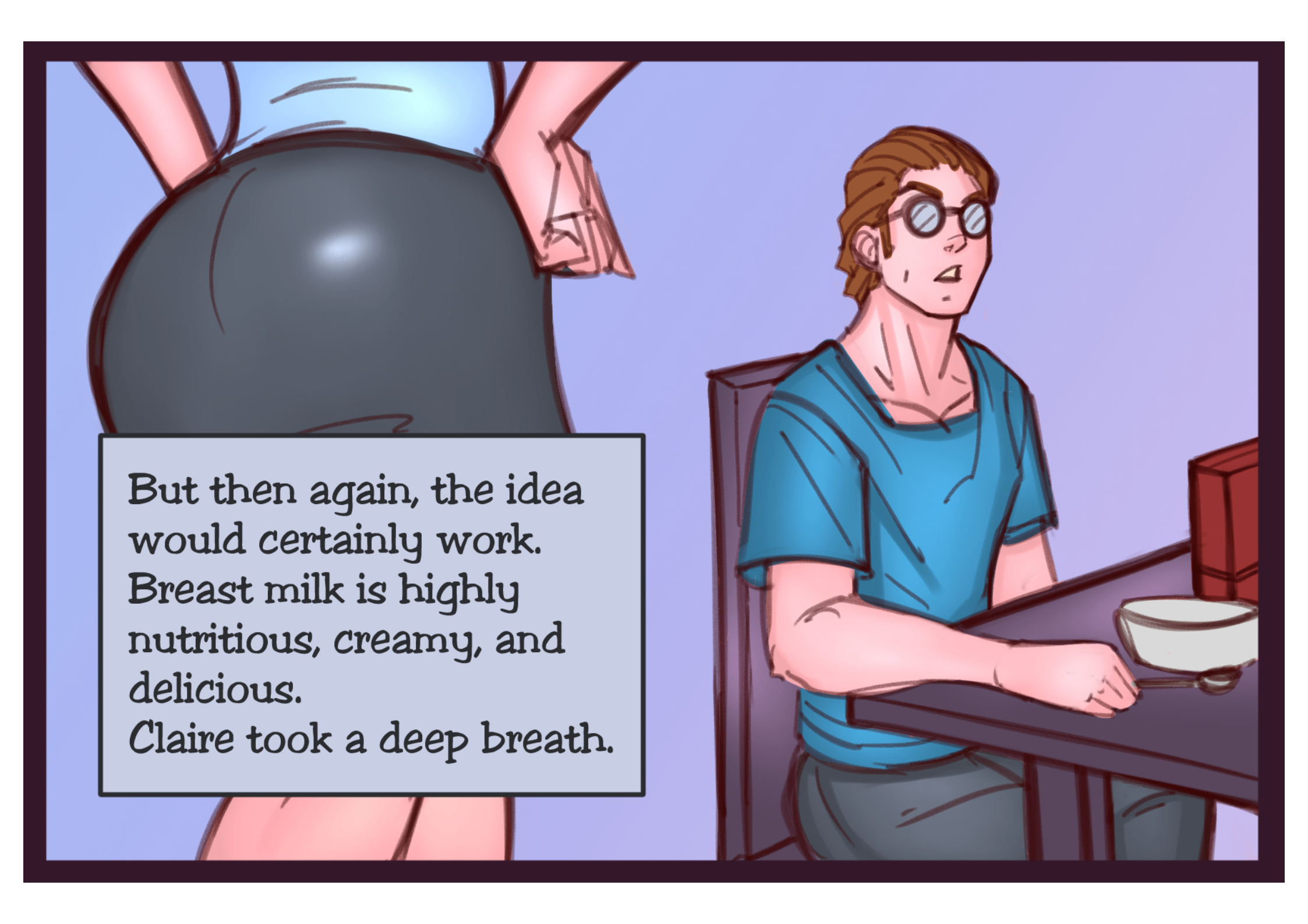


Then she thought about  
Judith.


*'Breast milk? Her stepon?  
Preposterous!'*




Although the thought made her pussy wet as she sat there, watching her stepson fume over having to eat half-dry cereal.



But then again, the idea  
would certainly work.  
Breast milk is highly  
nutritious, creamy, and  
delicious.  
Claire took a deep breath.



"Milk is out of stock.  
I checked yesterday."  
"Bummer. Oh well. I'll  
eat something else  
tomorrow."


A comic book panel with a purple background. On the left, a person's back is shown, featuring a large, dark, rounded mass. On the right, a woman with brown hair and glasses, wearing a blue t-shirt, sits at a dark table. She is looking towards the person on the left. On the table in front of her is a white bowl and a red box. A speech bubble is positioned over the person on the left.

"I want you to eat the same foods you normally eat. Sticking to a routine is the best way to keep yourself psychologically balanced in these troubled times. Do you agree?"

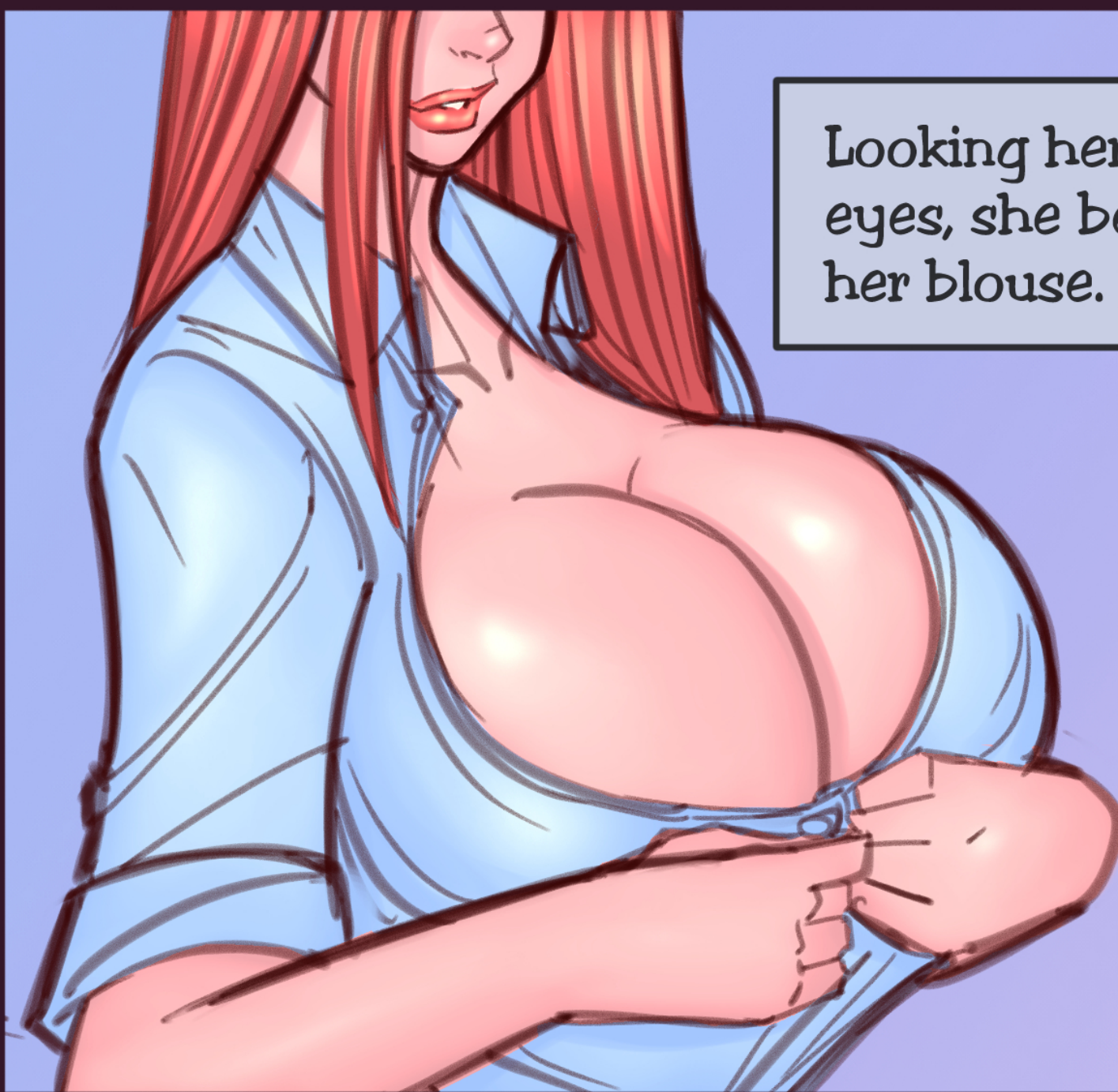


"Sure. I can go out to the groceries later."


"I'd rather you stay home," she replied, halfway regretting this already.



"It's safer if you don't go anywhere. We already have all the milk we need."  
"Hmm? What do you mean?"

A comic book illustration of a woman with long, straight red hair. She is shown from the chest up, wearing a light blue button-down blouse. Her blouse is unbuttoned at the top, and she is using her right hand to unbutton the next one down. Her expression is calm and focused. The background is a solid light purple color. A speech bubble is positioned to the right of her head.

Looking her stepson in the eyes, she began to unbutton her blouse. She didn't rush.



She just kept things casual,  
because this was home and  
she could be as comfortable  
undressing as she wanted.



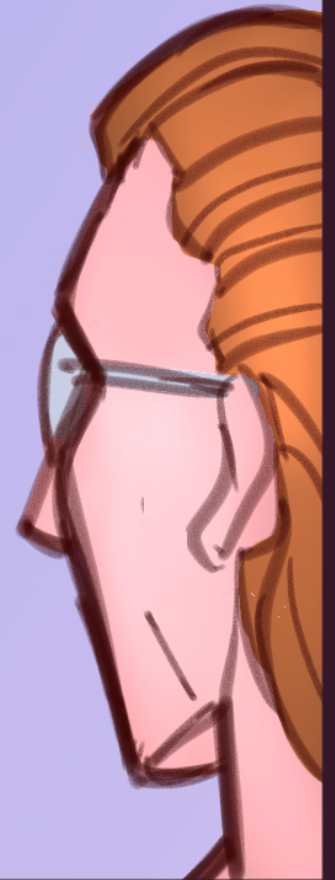
Naturally, her stepson was shocked by this and she wasn't sure how he was going to react.

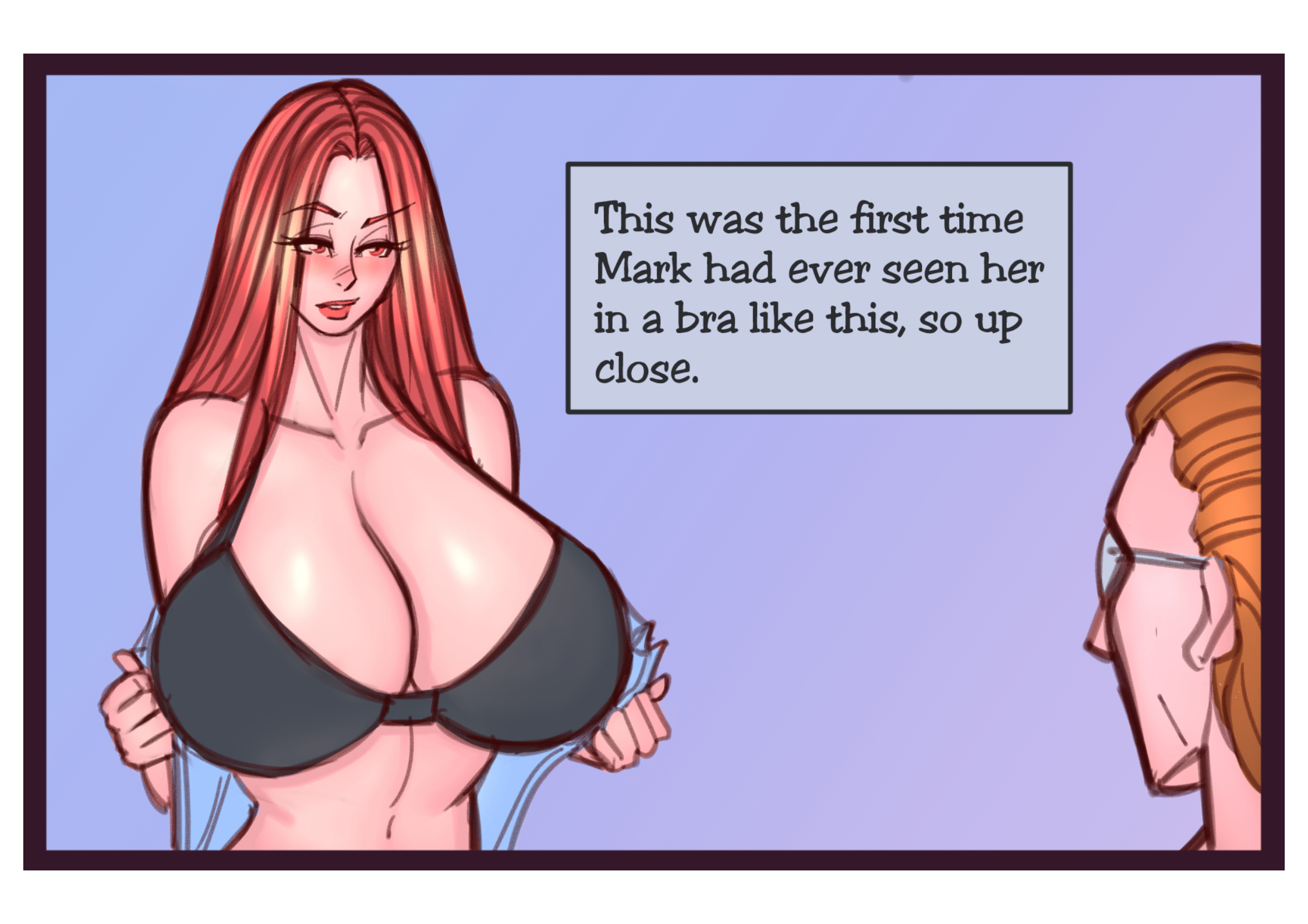


But he remained calm,  
seeing where this was  
headed.



Her blouse was unbuttoned and her black bra was showing in the middle. Opening her blouse, she exposed herself.

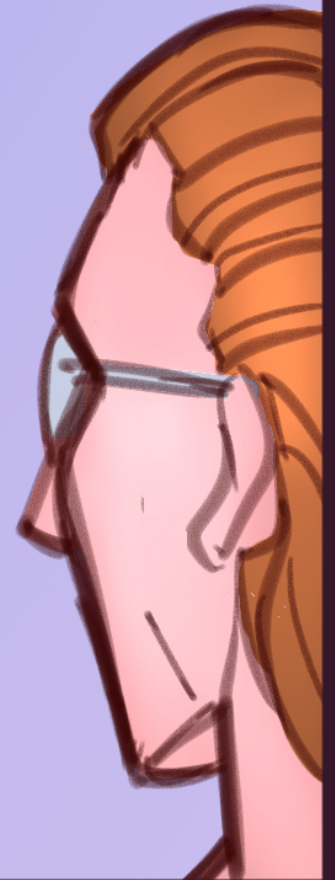


A comic book panel with a light blue background. On the left, a woman with long, straight red hair is shown from the waist up. She is wearing a black, strapless bra and is pulling the edges of a light blue garment away from her chest. She has a slight, knowing smile. On the right, the profile of a man with brown hair and glasses is visible, looking towards the woman. A speech bubble is positioned in the upper right quadrant of the panel.

This was the first time  
Mark had ever seen her  
in a bra like this, so up  
close.



She took a moment  
to allow her stepson  
to have a good look,  
which he was doing.  
Boys will be boys,  
after all.





"These are my breasts,"  
she said, tracing her  
fingers around the shape  
of her black bra.



"They're round, they're starting to hang because of my age, and they're filled with milk."



When she heard her stepson gasp, she knew she had reached the point of no return. There was no coming back from this.



Mark was smart enough to figure out exactly what she was implying. Especially as her fingers continuously rubbed around the fabric of her bra.



"They're beautiful,"  
he gulped.

"But why are you  
showing me?"

"I think you know."

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